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## A Select Tale.

### THE LEFT-HANDED THIEF.

"How many young men have been injured and perhaps ruined by false suspicion?" remarked my mercantile friend, as we were conversing on the "panic," a few evenings since. Suspicion is like an assassin in the dark. It stabs its victim and he knows not from whence the blow comes. Or it may more like the keen frost which seizes upon the ears, the cheeks, or the nose, freezing flesh, and driving back the life-blood, and yet the poor man is totally ignorant of its situation till he comes in contact with the heat, and begins to feel the stinging pain. But I believe I never told you of the only time suspicion of evil was ever fastened on me. It has nothing particular to do with the subject under consideration, though it serves to show how merchants sometimes lose money.

When a mere youth I was placed in the store of Jacob Wharton, a merchant doing a good business. I was frugal, industrious, and faithful, and at the age of twenty-one I was advanced to the post of book-keeper, with a good salary. I had charge of the books and the safe, and all the money left over after bank hours was also in my care. I tried to do my duty faithfully, and I think I succeeded. Mr. Wharton was a close, methodical man with a quick eye and ready understanding of business, and as I fancied he was satisfied, I felt much pleased.

I had been a book-keeper a year when I thought my employer's manner toward me began to change. He began to treat me more coolly, and finally I was sure he watched my movements with distrustful glances. I became nervous and uneasy, for I feared I had offended him. But the thing came to a head at length.

One evening, when I was alone in the store engaged in making out my cash account, Mr. Wharton came to me with a troubled look, and spoke. His voice was tremulous, and I could see that he was affected.

"George," said he, "I am sorry for the conviction that has been forced upon me; I fear you have not been treating me as you should."

I managed in spite of my astonishment, to ask what he meant.

"I fear you are not honest," was his reply.

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon me I could not have been more startled.

"Not honest! And there I had been for many years making it my chief aim and study how to serve him most faithfully! I do not remember what I said first—I only know that tears came to my eyes—that my lips trembled, and that my utterance was almost choked. How long had he held such suspicions? I asked him, and he told me for more than two months."

"You have suspected this and still left me in the dark! After serving you so long—after giving to you all my interests and all my energies—after striving for faith and honor that might win your love and esteem—to suspect me in secret—to look upon me as a thief, and yet not tell me! Oh, I would not have believed it!"

"Let us talk the matter over calmly," said the merchant, his old kind tone coming back. He was touched by my agony, and I could see he was wavering.

I felt, at first like telling him that he should have done this before; but as he seemed ready to reason now, I found no fault.

"You have spent considerable money of late," he began.

"How?" I asked.

"Have you not built a house?"

"Yes, sir, and paid for it too, and have thus given my mother a comfortable home."

Mr. Wharton was staggered for a moment by my frank and feeling reply; but pretty soon he asked,

"What did the house cost you?"

"Just fifteen hundred dollars. My mother owned the land. And I supposed you would know where I got the money. You, sir, learned me how to save it. I have been with you six years. The first year you paid me fifty dollars, and I laid up twenty-five of it. The second and third years you gave me a hundred dollars a year. The fourth year you made me clerk and gave me five hundred. My mother was able to feed me and as our little cat answered for the time I got along that year upon an expense of seventy-five dollars. The next year you paid me six hundred, on condition that I kept your books. I saved five hundred of that. This last year you have paid me one thousand dollars, and I have spent only the interest of what I had previously invested, so that the thousand was not touched. Of course my mother has worked, but she wished to do it. I have paid fifteen hundred dollars for my house, and have 500 in

the savings bank. That is a plain statement of my affairs."

My employer felt more puzzled than before.

"Now," said I, "I have given you an honest statement, and will you be equally frank and tell me all that happened to excite this suspicion?"

"I will," he replied, taking a seat near me. "Within the last year I must have lost more than two thousand dollars! I must have been taken from the store. I know this for I know the amount of goods which have been sold, and I know how much cash I have received. I began to be watchful four months since. Two months ago a man paid me in the afternoon, five hundred dollars. I put it in the drawer, and on the next morning, before you came in, I looked at your cash account and found only two hundred of that set down. From that time I have been very watchful, and have detected a dozen similar cases. I have noticed every dollar that came in after the bank account was made up, and have also taken note of the amount entered upon the book, and during that time there has been a leaking over of seven hundred dollars! Now who has access to that drawer and to the safe?"

I was astonished. I could only assure my employer that I knew nothing of it; and I saw that he wanted to believe me. I asked him if he had spoken of this to any one else. Not a living soul but me, he replied. I pondered for a few moments and then I said,

"Mr. Wharton, could I be made to believe that even ignorantly I had wronged you to the value of a dollar, I should not feel the perfect consciousness of honor I now feel. There must be a thief somewhere."

Some of the clerks may find access to the money. But are you willing to let the matter rest for a few days? I will strain every nerve to detect the thief."

He finally consented to let me try my hand at detecting the thief. He promised not to dissipate a syllable upon this subject to any one else, and also to leave the matter wholly in my hands for one week. He gave me a warm grasp when we separated and said he hoped I would succeed.

On the following morning I entered the store with all my energies of mind centred upon the work before me.

There were four clerks or assistants, and one boy, in constant attendance besides myself, and all money received had to pass through my hands. So times I made up my cash account at night, and sometimes not till the next morning.

In the latter case I generally put the money drawer into the safe and locked it up. The key to this safe was kept in a small drawer, to which there were two keys one of which I kept, while Mr. Wharton kept the other. The only other person who ever helped us in the store was Henry Wharton, my employer's only son, a youth twenty years of age. He was preparing for college under a private tutor, but found time to help us when business was driving. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, and a strong mutual attachment had grown up between us. At first I thought of getting him to help me find the thief, but as Wharton had promised to speak to no one else upon the subject, I concluded to keep silent also.

That night I counted my money but made no entry on the account. There was three hundred and forty odd dollars. I put it in a new calf-skin pocket-book—placed that in the money drawer, and locked the whole up in the safe. On the following morning I found fifty dollars missing. I counted the money over carefully, and I was not mistaken. I began to feel very unpleasant. My suspicions took an unwelcome turn.

During that day I pondered upon the subject, and finally hit upon the following expedient:—When I had locked up the safe for the night, I spread upon the knob of the door and upon the money drawer some pale red lead, being careful not to get enough on to be easily noticed. I had left the cash account open to be closed up in the morning. When I next opened the safe, all was as I had left it.

The next night I fixed the knob in the same manner, and on the morning following I found forty dollars gone. Upon the pocket book were finger marks of lead; and when I came to open my cash book I found the same kind of marks there. So I had learned one thing; the thief knew enough to see whether any account had been made of the money before he took it; I felt more unpleasant than before, for my unwelcome suspicions were being confirmed. I had gained new light. There was a peculiarity in the red finger marks that told me a sad story. Still, I wished to try further.

For two nights after this the safe remained undisturbed; but on the third night I missed seventy-five dollars more, and I had now set my trap more carefully. The red pigment

was not only used, but I had put a private mark upon every bill in the drawer. The pocket book and the cash book were fingered as before, and the marks were clear and distinct.

When the week was up Mr. Wharton came and asked me what I had found.

"Ah," said he, as he noticed the sorrowful expression of my countenance, "you have failed to discover anything."

"Alas, I wish I could say so!" I replied. "I have discovered too much. In the first place the money has been taken from the safe, and the key left in its proper drawer and locked up as usual. Also the cash book has been examined each time to see if any entry has been made of the money. There has been one hundred and sixty-five dollars taken in all."

"But how do you know the cash book has been examined?" he asked.

"I will show you," I said, producing both the cash and pocket book. "You see, those red marks? I fixed a red pigment upon the door knob of the safe, and also upon the edges of the money drawer. You can see these finger marks."

"Yes," he whispered.

"And now," I continued, "just examine them carefully. See how the leaves of the cash book were turned over, and also how the strap of the pocket book was tucked into its place. Do you see anything very peculiar about it?"

"Only that the finger marks are very plain."

"But can you not distinguish the thumb marks from those made by the fingers?"

"Yes, I can."

"Then tell me this," I returned, "Which hand did the thief use most dexterously in the work?"

Wharton gazed upon the marks, and finally gasped—"The left."

"So he did, and all the marks have been the same. The thief is a left-handed one, and he is acquainted with the store and the books and can gain easy access here. But I have yet another mark. The last bills that were taken were all marked with a small red cross upon the numerical figure in the right hand and upper corner. You can follow those up, for I have had neither the courage nor the heart to do it."

The merchant sank back pale as death it self.

"Henry is the only left-handed person on the premises," he groaned, gazing on me as though he wished that I would deny his statement. But I could not, I knew that his own son was the guilty party.

"I am no more," I said, with tears in my eyes, for the father's agony deeply moved me. "The secret is looked up in my own breast; and neither to you nor to any living being will I ever tell the name of the one whom I suspect."

The stricken man grasped my hand, and with sobs and tears he begged my pardon for the wrong he had done me, and thanked me for the assurance I had given him.

On the following morning he brought me fifty dollars in eight different bills, all marked with the red cross.

"I know all, now," he whispered in broken accents. "Be kind to me, and let this go out into the world."

I kept my promise, and lived to see the old man smile again; for when Henry saw the deep agony of his father he was touched and he not only acknowledged all his sins and humbly begged for pardon, but became a true and good man, and an honor and ornament to society.

THE ALCOHOLIC TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

—Mr. A. Prichard, of Bristol, states *British Medical Journal*, November 3d, 1860) that his attention was called a few months ago to a pamphlet published in Paris by M. M. Bataille and Guillet bearing the title "Alcohol and Alcoholic Preparations in Surgery," in which the authors sum up the advantages of applying strong alcoholic compounds to recent and other wounds in the following way, viz., that they check or prevent suppuration and consequently phlebitis and pyæmia, and that they favor union by the first intention; and the facts brought forward although few and meagre, induced me to give the plan a trial; and I will briefly narrate some of my cases.

The particular alcoholic preparation which was recommended was the compound tincture of aloes, or as the French call it, *clair de longue vie*, and it is made of aloes, myrrh, saffron and spirit. It is said to be most valuable in contused and lacerated wounds, involving various tissues, being particularly useful in lacerated wounds of the hand, when tendinous, muscular, cutaneous and osseous tissues are often damaged together. That there may be no question about originality or priority of the discovery of this method of treatment, I will quote a paragraph on the subject from that most entertaining and valuable work, "John Bull's Surgery." He says:—The process of saving the hand of a

workman, when thus mangled with tools is this: You are to take up the arteries first then return the bones into the wound if they project; stitch the skin over them, draw together the open spaces with slips of adhesive plaster, and dress the outside by dipping pieces of lint in camphorated spirits and laying them along the wounds—with a bandage afterwards, and a splint if necessary.

### ARRIVAL OF THE PERSIA.

The Persia arrived at Boston on the 3d instant.

It is reported that the Galway Steamship Line will be suspended until the settlement of the subsidy question.

There had been a great fire in London.—It destroyed Cotton's wharf and adjoining warehouses in Tooley Street Borough. The destruction of property was so great that the prices of many articles were affected.—Six lives were lost including the Chief of the Fire Brigade.

Breadstuffs continued dull. Flour 24s. 6d. to 28s. Little doing in provisions.

Bullion in the Bank of England had increased £365,000. Consols closed on Saturday at 89½ to 90.

Boston, July 3d, 1861.—News from the Seat of War indicate an advance of the Federal troops.

General Patterson's division crossed the Potomac early yesterday morning, and after making them useful by way of drilling the Volunteers. Then again it is calculated that they will cause the expenditure of a good deal of money in the place, which is recorded among the advantages. The troops in question will be quartered as follows:—The 7th and 60th Regiments at Quebec, the 47th Regiment at Montreal, the 36th divided between Toronto and London, C. W. The Headquarters of the Royal Canadian Rifles will be at Kingston, and companies will be quartered at St. Catherine's, Niagara and Amherstburg. Two batteries of Artillery with a hundred horses, will also be sent out to Canada. Part of the troops will be sent out in the Golden Fleece, but the larger portion in the Great Eastern.—Globe.

HAY-MAKING.—As the season for making hay is approaching, we would say a few words in advance. Don't dry your hay too much. Hay may be dried till it is as worthless as straw. As a good coffee maker would say, "don't burn your coffee but brown it," so we would say, don't dry your hay but cure it. Our good old mothers who relied upon herb tea instead of "pothecary medicine," gathered their herbs when in blossom and cured them in the shade. This is the philosophy of making hay. Cut in the afternoon, and cure in the shade. The sugar of the plant when it is in full bloom is in the stalk ready to form the seeds. If the plant is cut earlier the sugar is not there; if later the sugar has become converted into woody matter.

Hay should be well wilted in the sun, but cured in the cock. Better to be a little too green than too dry. If, on putting it in the barn, there is no danger of "heating in the mow," put on some salt. Cattle will like it none the less.

Heat, light, and dry winds, will soon take the starch and sugar which constitute the goodness of hay out of it; and the addition of showers, renders it almost entirely worthless. Grass cured with the least exposure to the drying winds and searching sunbaking is more nutritious than if longer exposed, however good the weather may be. If over-cured, it contains more woody fibre and less nutritive matter.

The true art of hay-making, then, consists in cutting the grass when the starch and sugar are most fully developed, and before they are converted into seed and woody fibre; curing it to the point when it will answer to put it in the barn without heating and no more.

A PRETTY HAND CASE.—An editor in the Western States says:—We would say to the rascal who stole our shirt off the pole while we were in bed waiting for it to dry, that we sincerely hope the collar may cut his throat. The creature ought to know better than to expose the poverty of the craft in this way. It is hard enough to be poor with all proper concealments, but horrible to have the fact blatted before the world.

TO KEEP POTATOES FROM SPROUTING.—To keep potatoes intended for the use of the table for spring until new potatoes grow take boiling water, pour it into a tub, turn in as many potatoes as the water will cover, pour off the water, handle the potatoes carefully laying them up in a dry place on boards on a one layer deep, and see if you do not have good potatoes the year round, without strings and water ends caused by growing. The neighbor I got my information from says he has never failed, or had any trouble from rotting or sprouting. Try a few.

"Facts are stubborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness. "Yes, sir, and so are women," she replied; "and if you get anything out of me, just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer.

"Very well," said she, "I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—The *Charlottetown Monitor* gives the following account of a melancholy accident which occurred at that place a few days since:—"Three or four young men of this City having spent some time target shooting, were about to return to their homes, when one of them named James Stewart, son of Mr. Wm. Stewart, of Georgetown, and nephew of David Stewart, Esq., of Charlottetown, received a charge of powder and wadding in the lower part of the left thigh, in consequence of the accidental discharge of the rifle carried by one of his companions. The muzzle of the rifle almost touched the unfortunate deceased when the discharge took place, thereby causing a fearful wound. Medical assistance was obtained as soon as possible, but the loss of blood, in the meantime, had been so great, that the poor lad only survived the fatal shot a few hours. A Coroner's Inquest was held on the body of the deceased the same evening, when the Jury returned a verdict of accidental death from shooting; and also made the following deliverance:—"The Jury cannot but express their conviction that the indiscriminate use of her Majesty's firearms, for the purpose of target shooting, without the knowledge or presence of an officer, is very dangerous, and calls for an expression of strong disapprobation from the Jury sitting on this Inquest."

CAN IT BE SO?—A Boston correspondent of the *Waterloo Mail*, writes to that paper as follows:—"Coming down State street the other day, I noticed in the shade of the Exchange, the reclining form of a volunteer. At first I believed him to be intoxicated; but a pair of crutches by his side, and a few moments' conversation informed me that he was one of the gallant 6th, wounded in the Baltimore riot. He was about 25 years of age, and for the remainder of his life will be dependent upon the generosity of the public. Alas, for him! That loud-talking charity such as we promised him and his co-patriots when they started forward to lay down their lives for their country, he now realizes, ends as it began, finding no response in the heart. It is a burning shame that this poor fellow with his wounds bleeding for aid, should receive only as beggar. Oh, that I had a pen, capable of striking like a dagger to the hearts of those who have so soon forgotten their pledges and have disregarded those solemn promises which they made! His wasted hand stretched forth, and received my mite, and while I gazed in the contempt I felt for those who have so disgracefully falsified their word."

ACCIDENTS.—The Whig says that as Mr. Charles Lane a respectable farmer of Frankfort, was at work with his steers and cart on Monday, 24th, the steers became frightened and ran, throwing Mr. Lane down. The cart went over him, breaking one of his legs and injuring one of his eyes so that he will probably lose the sight of it. He was taken up insensible by his boys.

The Lewiston Falls Journal says that while the passenger train of Tuesday last on the Androscoggin road, was about half a mile beyond Livermore Falls, an old gentleman named Treat, who resided in Canton, attempted to cross the track with his horse and wagon, was with the horse instantly killed by the engine. The engineer states that the old gentleman saw the train, and as he thought at first concluded to wait. He then appeared to change his mind and started to cross. When about half way across, the mare which he was driving (who had a colt by her side) stopped probable to look after her colt. The engineer immediately reversed the engine, but before anything could be successfully done to avert the impending calamity, the engine struck the team.